Sunlight intertwines with shadows falling from above.

Everything seems to sway between reality and oblivion.

The scene before him collapses into a vortex deep within his gaze as gods look down upon the mortal world.

Upon weaving the first connection with that youth...

Icy thorns pierce his palm.

The girl's figure shatters, and blood crystallizes into amber.

Like raging waves finally breaking through fragile ice—

Ever since then, all his dreams were enshrouded in darkness.

Each dawn was judgment upon him.

Twilight washed away her chaotic memories, and her old wounds sank into an abyss untouched by light and shadow.

Yet in his heart, an impenetrable fog remains.

He can neither see anything past it nor find a way to leave.

Their fingertips almost touch, yet they stay suspended...

They're ultimately unable to cross that invisible boundary.

Using his own hands, he tears open a wound—one with a newly formed scab.
Until he finds redemption, he shall willingly imprison himself within this pain.
Like a traveler with a lamp, he cannot let the faint light die out before he escapes the darkness.

Ripples of light dance across clear waters as a graceful figure moves between them.
They're like fireflies slowly drifting through a dark blue expanse.

She immerses herself completely...
And greedily savors the first bright,
beautiful season she's experienced in
years.

Yet the path beneath his feet will inevitably stretch toward more distant horizons.
Too many unknowns are waiting. They're waiting for him to tread into their midst.

As gentle breezes rise and fall...

He can only fold an entire summer into a farewell

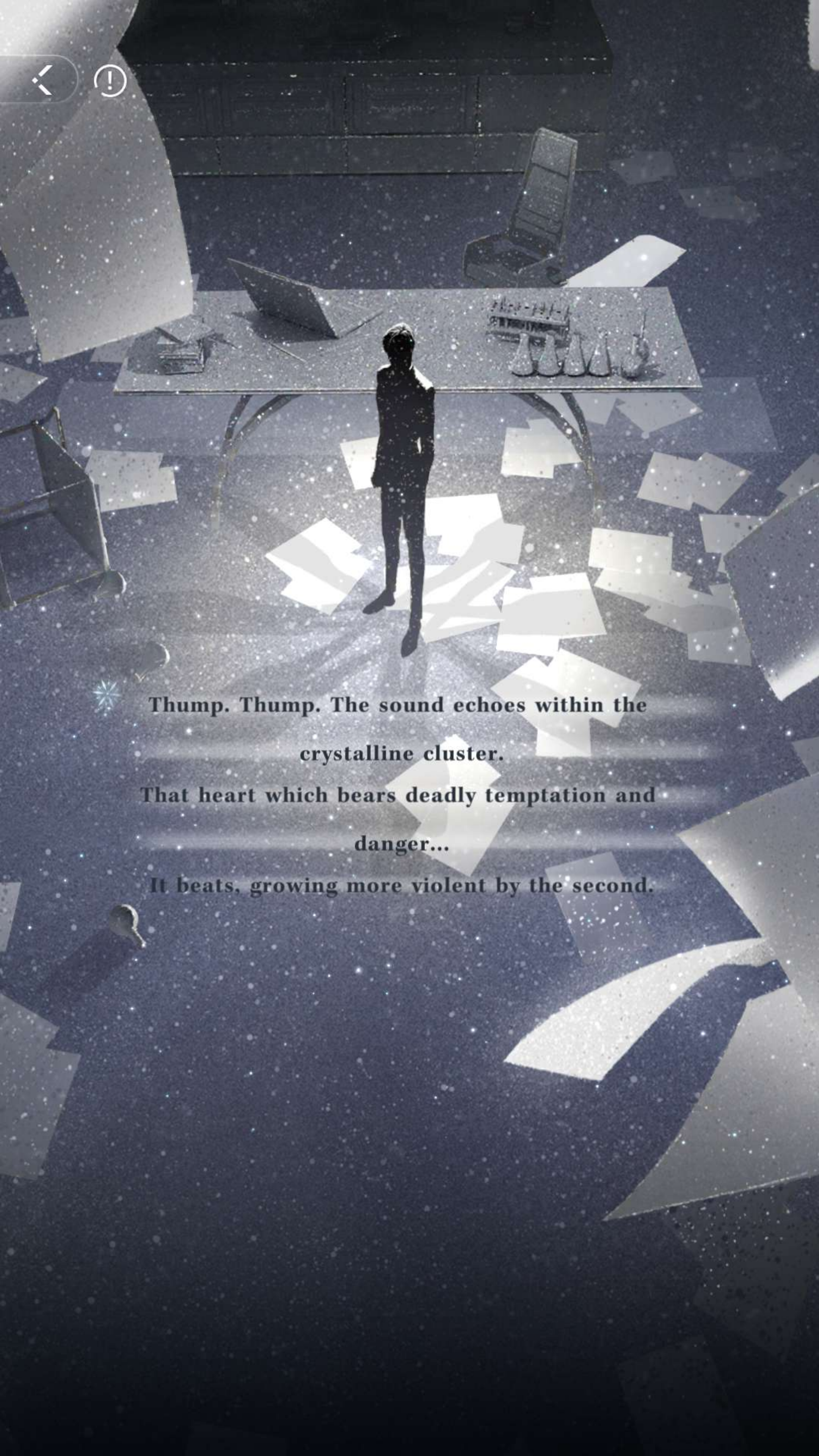
and offer it as a gift to her.

Although it was merely a moment of warmth...

It remains his only ember and lighthouse as he

trudges through the desolate, cold years ahead.

After hesitating for a moment, he finally casts a stone into the barren well between life and death.
Black crystals rapidly climb up the veins of his heart.
Like tendrils lurking in the abyss, they coldly drain away all warmth.



Thump. Thump. The sound echoes within the crystalline cluster.

That heart which bears deadly temptation and danger...

It beats, growing more violent by the second.

He clutches the key to reversing life and death. Even after seeing such a miracle...
Resolved, he closes that door without any regrets.
The world around him returns to silence, and his faith remains untarnished.
Yet that alien darkness has already taken root in his soul.

"I will have the utmost reverence for human life, maintain a sense of duty and dignity in practicing medicine, and adhere to good medical standards..."

This resounding oath is like an invisible cord.

It tightly binds his dreams to his responsibilities.

His gaze traverses those long years to this sacred moment...

It's like the breaking dawn that illuminates the night.

His naive search ended, and he became a true guardian of life.

The mystery that had troubled him so deeply...

Perhaps it had already begun to silently sketch the outline of truth.

Pages flutter in the air. The future and the past intertwine...

Like a serene yet magnificent chant from the dawn of creation.

Each page records stories forgotten by time.

They finally find their place in perpetual cycles.

Images dance before his eyes. Blood surges in his chest...

It's as if a rift in the universe opened for just a second. He sees himself walking across the torrent of time.

Divine whispers pierce through eternal silence. And

this indispensable guardian...

Finally touches the unspoken covenant.

On paths long traveled, the lingering footprints are buried within the folds of the wind, quietly entering a deep slumber.

MEMORY

DEEPSPACE

CONT GIVE UP

The weathered tales persist, weaving intricate patterns through the silent voids, their final curtain never falling.